

Jupiter Is Now Easily Seen.

THE great planet Jupiter is now "at quadrature with the sun." This formidable astronomical phrase simply means that Jupiter is one-quarter of the way round the sky, measuring eastward from the sun, and consequently must cross the meridian six hours after noon. Jupiter is in Taurus, between the Pleiades and Hyades.



Magazine Page



This Day in Our History.

THIS is the 186th anniversary of the birth of George Washington, "Father of His Country," the man whose steadfast courage and ability piloted the colonies through the Revolution to success and recognition by the powers of the world. This day is a national holiday in honor of his memory.

To My Sweetheart SOLDIER

Every Girl Should Read These Wonderful Letters.

Darling:
Your wife has been out into society today! It couldn't exactly be called a frothy event—and I doubt if any account of it gets into the newspaper; but it was a sufficiently novel and unusual affair to bear special mention to you.

The church wouldn't heat, today, and so the minister's wife asked us all to go to the parsonage to complete our daily stint, and have luncheon. It didn't mean any special work or preparation for her, for we always carry our individual baskets and then pass them together in a sort of glorified "Jack Pot." So it meant simply transferring our luncheon from the church to the parsonage. The house was fairly swarming with children! You couldn't believe that twelve would make as many! They came in twos and threes and lots of splittacres! The minister loves to refer to them as olive branches, but I don't see the connection. The olive branch in the days of Noah was supposed to be a sign of promise. I should think these twelve children constituted a pretty substantial fulfillment.

The minister's wife seems to suffer less, and have a little more peace in her home. She feels greater assurance among her own laces and penates, than when wandering around among other people's—especially if overshadowed and awed by her husband. I can't make out whether she respects her husband or fears him, or simply accepts him as one accepts a curious dispensation of providence. I know she would never lift her voice in argument or dispute against his superior will—but sit back in drab resignation no matter what issue prevailed. Maybe she is like the woman out West whose house and goods were demolished by a hurricane. When succored by a neighbor, she announced with admirable decision, "No, I'm not sorry a mite that everything is swept away and ruined. It is the first thing that ever happened that my husband couldn't blame me for!"

As we sat down to luncheon today the children were distributed neatly among the adults. The minister with his air of detached piety held the head of the board and said an ample grace. The wife flattered around attending to our wants. All went well till suddenly one of the younger olive branches for some cause not quite apparent, muttered "Gee darn it" under his breath. The reproving eyes of the pastor fastened itself upon the offender, and in a twinkling an ordinariness issued forth a stern parental rebuke. At that, the youngest olive branch, with the face of an angel and a voice of withering sweetness, piped out, "Oh! Papa, that's nothing, you should hear my 'Gee darn it'!" I wish, my beloved you could have been there! I know those poor olive branches underwent a season worse than the Diet of Worms after our party disbanded, and they hadn't the faith and experience of Martin Luther to uphold them. I, being an ordinary wife sinner, would have rewarded them all with cookies. It is seldom one meets with unabashed truth in these days.

I have a fire in my room tonight. The hearth opens wide arms to the dancing flames! In the flickering light I see your face—tender eyes—brooding with the sorrows of the world—but shining through all with love for me! I see your curling hair! Your broad low brow! The wind outside is cold! It whistles down the chimney, and the flames leap and sing. Your face looks out upon me now—smiling gently, full of hope, full of cheer. "Be brave, little wife," it says, "My little general, be brave." Yes, beloved, I will be brave—through fire and water and pestilence and death I will follow you, until the waves break for us forever on the soundless shore.

GOOD-NIGHT.

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Don't Be Superstitious.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:
Will you please tell me if it is right for two sisters to marry two brothers. Such is my case and my friend says that a marriage of this kind generally results in a death. I am patiently waiting for your answer.

CAMILLE.
YOUR question sounds like a relic of the dark ages. And I thought the days of Salem witchcraft and equally tragic, blind superstition were dead and buried. Now just use common sense. Now under the sun could the fact that Ann and Mary, sisters, married John and William, brothers, cause death to any of the four?

"Ladies First!"



THE World grows grayer and older; Eve votes, she is a policeman in ocean-blue, she is secretary to the great little Welshman of England, she is as good a pilot in the air as any man, she drives

a surface car, and the dragon-subway through his dark labyrinth, she drives a huge grey camion in France—and yet she always will be Eve—a "lady first!" She will always hold down two little positions in ad-

dition to all the others that she is adding on to her little self. She will always be Dan's side partner, and continue to set herself on fire at the bright flame of love! She will, too, always wear her mother-halo and glory in it!—NELL BRINKLEY.

The Four of Hearts

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water.

CHAPTER XXI.

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EDWARD VAN SAUN, Milton's father, was an elderly man with a young heart. He had been too busy to grow old, but now that his health was failing he found it difficult to be uniformly cheerful.

Nevertheless, he welcomed cordially the young people as, led by his son, they entered his library. He looked down kindly into Cynthia's face when he was presented to her. "I am glad to know you, my dear," he said gently, his eyes softening as he noted her mourning garb. "Milton has told me of you and I am happy to meet Doris's cousin. I count myself a lucky man to have before me the prospect of two sweet girls coming into my family."

Edward Van Saun smiled, yet Cynthia fancied that a shadow came to his eyes at the girl's jesting statement. She wondered if this man was like her own father in his deep faith in an undying love between husband and wife, and if he was a little sorry that his future daughter-in-law mentioned so lightly matters that were sacred to him.

If so, Edward Van Saun had banished the matter from his mind before he spoke again, and he was the genial, charming host. "Come over into the music-room," he proposed after a while, "and I'll play my organ for you children."

"Music is one of dad's recreations," Milton informed Cynthia, as they crossed the hall together. "He is so fond of his father."

is not a professional musician by any means, but he loves to play for his own delectation."

The music-room had a small pipe-organ at one end, and the young people sank into easy chairs as their host took his seat at it. His son had spoken truly when he said that his father was not a professional musician, but he was one of the men who have music in their souls. As he played softly, Cynthia closed her eyes and let her thoughts drift.

The Music Stops.

Gradually the strain under which she had been since her uncle's revelation to her lessened, and she appreciated that one's life does not consist only in the things which he possesses, but in what he is himself. Her wounded pride and resentment were soothed. She saw things in their proper proportions. And yet—it hurt her to think that she was a dependent; that she must readjust her ideas and plans.

The music stopped and Doris spoke abruptly. "I declare you almost made me cry, Mr. Van Saun," she said. "It's wonderful to produce such an effect as that on a silly creature like myself. But your music has done it. As to Cynthia, she looks happier than she has all the evening. What makes me want to cry makes her placid."

Cynthia smiled. "Perhaps we feel the same thing, only in a different way," she suggested. Then, turning to Mr. Van Saun, she held out her hand. "Thank you," she said, "you have helped me."

"You should sing, my dear, with that rich voice of yours," Edward Van Saun commented. "I do not sing—that is not to amount to anything," Cynthia informed him. "No, but she reads like an angel," Doris declared. "And she wants to come and read to you just as often as you will let her."

Milton hastened to explain to his puzzled parent what Cynthia had proposed. To the girl's relief, Edward Van Saun made no violent protest.

A Serial of Youth, Romance and Love

By Arthur B. Reeve

Greater of the "Craig Kennedy" mystery stories, which appear exclusively in Cosmopolitan Magazine.

EPISODE 14.

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UP in his room, with the door locked and the windows barred, Abner heard the telephone ring. With fear, even then, he answered. Could it be another message from the Hidden Hand?

"Is that you, Abner?" asked Sonia. "Why haven't you come here with the will?"

Harassed, he scarcely knew what to answer, although even this was some relief. "Let me explain," he hastened. "I've been threat-

The sentence was never finished. A sinister yellow face had already appeared at the barred window and a moment later a poisoned dart sped straight to its mark in the back of

Abner's neck. In pain and terror he cried out as he dropped the receiver, clutching at his neck.

Sonia heard, but did not understand.

Abner reeled and fell forward across the table—dead!

Then the East Indian checked suddenly and dropped back to the ground, making off swiftly.

Meanwhile, along the Trocadero, was dashing the automobile with Doris, Ramsey, the Chief, and the Secret Service men. They pulled up some distance from the den, just as the East Indian ran up and rapped at the door. Seeing him, they climbed out and silently stole up with revolvers drawn.

As the priest-emissary opened the panel and then the door, the raiders, headed by Ramsey and Doris, dashed forward, but the door was slammed in their faces. Instantly the Chief fired at the face of the priest-emissary in the still open panel, and he fell dead, while the East Indian emissary fled down the passageway, shouting.

Ramsay did not hesitate. He reached in through the shattered glass of the open panel, felt around and slipped the bolt loose. The door flew open, and all piled in.

"Quick!" shouted the emissary wildly as the Hidden Hand in his den, hearing the rumpus, ran forward to investigate. "They are here!"

In a wild scramble the master criminal and his minions fled by a dark passage downward, just as Ramsey, Doris and the rest charged through the hall, with revolvers drawn. They swarmed about the place, seeking the Hidden Hand, as Ramsey, spying the passage, poked his way down it.

In the cellar the Hidden Hand ran straight to a corner where were casks and cans of gunpowder and a fuse. He lighted the fuse, then turned and fled, just at the moment that Ramsey came pursuing to the head of the steps.

Ramsay saw the sputtering fuse. There was no time to put it out. He darted back, shouting.

"Hurry—get out—to the street—the place will be blown up," he cried as he ran into the den, seizing Doris, who was hunting for the precious packet.

Hastily they retreated down the arched passageway, not a moment too soon, for in another instant even before they could reach the street, there was a terrific explosion, which almost stunned them.

They recovered quickly and, bal-

anced and sing to-day. We can't keep still by the sparkling rill.

When Pan begins to play, For he sings of Spring and each lovely thing.

That blossoms each year anew. So around we go in a whirling row.

Under the sky of blue. And in the next story you shall hear what happened after this.

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To Be Continued.

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The Hidden Hand

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A Film Success

Starring Doris Kenyon

ing each other, ran out and stood regarding the smoking ruins.

"The den is a wreck and the Hidden Hand has escaped," cried Ramsay, as he rummaged in his pocket and drew out the precious diagram taken from the deposit box. "But we have one other chance—the will."

"Then let us hurry," exclaimed Doris in excitement. "We must get it and read it before the Hidden Hand and Verda open the packet."

Perhaps an hour later the party, headed by Doris and Ramsay, entered the Whitney House.

"If the Hidden Hand is Uncle Abner," exclaimed Ramsay, leading the way upstairs, "he can scarcely have got back here before us."

A moment later they forced the door to Abner's barred room, and as they entered, Doris screamed. There was Abner, lying face down across the table—motionless—dead!

Ramsay bent over and lifted his hand. It fell, lifeless.

"Look!" cried Doris, pointing to a red blotch behind his ear where the dart still stuck.

Ramsay exchanged a quick glance with her.

"Then the man who seeks my life," she cried with conviction, "must be Dr. Barclay."

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HOUSE GOWNS FOR SPRING

Some That Can Be Easily Made by the Amateur

By Rita Stuyvesant.

EVERY woman should realize the value of looking neat around the house and should not be satisfied to wear "any old thing" while working. The average woman who does her own housework should be prepared to answer the door bell at unexpected hours and should not be panic-stricken at the prospect of visitors, even if they come on commercial business. But this does not necessarily mean that one must be "dressed up" so that she cannot do her work comfortably, but she can be dressed neatly and practically at the same time.

With Spring housecleaning comes a desire to replenish one's wardrobe, and fresh house dresses should not be overlooked. Especially at this season, when dress materials are being offered in such lovely selections and at such reasonable prices, the thrifty woman will not miss the opportunity of the Spring sales.

For house dresses one does not necessarily have to choose the well-known gingham or percale, for a number of other fabrics are being offered for this purpose. Soft French crepe, in pastel shades, is delightful, and challis is steadily gaining in popularity. Gingham and plain chambrays are always good for house dresses. The woman who does not wear corsets while working will be intrigued in a smart Russian blouse model well suited for house wear, made of navy blue crepe, with natural tan pongee trimmings in a lovely model.

The blouse is a simple, loose affair, reaching well below the hips, but not too long; buttoned down the front, which makes it easy to slip on. A collar, cuffs and a loose girdle are fashioned of pongee. Elbow sleeves are found more convenient for working than full-length ones.

The skirt of this dress is a two-piece model, made on a deep belting. Two straight pieces are used and shirred at the waistline. Some women find a "casing" run through with broad elastic very comfortable and prefer it to a stationary waist belt.

Another house dress that may be completed in a few hours is cut in one piece, with a "yoke" style. It is also adapted to the corsetless figure. Tobacco brown crepe or bottle green is nice for a frock like this. The front is buttoned from neck to hem and may be put on in a hurry. Deep patch pockets on the hips are useful as well as ornamental and hold change, handkerchiefs, etc. A loose leather belt may be worn with this loose dress and a collar of self material may be brightened by a bit of weak embroidery.

Those who prefer the gingham type of house dress will want to copy the "conservation apron," so popular during the canning season last year. It is fashioned of old blue chambray with detachable collar and cuffs of white pique. It is made in one piece, featuring a panel down the front, with an extension belt on either side at the waistline. This belt is brought around, buttoned in the back, gently holding the fullness in place. Uncle Sam issues these patterns for ten cents.

An adorable house dress for a bride may be made of flowered challis showing dainty pink roses. It is an extremely simple model, being a one-piece affair with an Empire waistline. The round neck is outlined with a frill of lace as well as the short sleeves. The fullness is held in at the high waist by black velvet ribbon run through beading. A wide single apron is worn over this dainty dress while working.

Dressed in these neat house dresses, the housewife who does her own work will be entirely presentable to unexpected callers, as well as dressed under a long coat to do her morning marketing.

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All Star Recipes